

= Nancy Stanton =
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THE LADY'S
WEEKLY MISCELLANY.

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Selected for the Lady's Miscellany.

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THE

CAVE OF ST. SIDWELL.

(Concluded from page 100.)

" In what language, most injured of men, shall I address you, I have transgressed against the laws of religion and morality, without one plea to mitigate the pangs of self-reproach. In the intoxicating round of vanity, all is delusion, but the world now fades from my view, and I behold only the horrors attendant upon my infamy. Woe unto the woman who deviates from the path of duty and virtue ! But I must be brief : I have erred, I have suffered, and am now self-condemned. When I quitted that home, which your fond affection should have endeared to me beyond every thing, the vilest passions degraded my nature ; and in my endeavour to shun the reproach of an indignant husband, I plunged into new crimes. I took refuge with the Chevalier Windenbourn ; while under his protection, Rosa was born ; the first pang of remorse I had ever experienced, was occasioned by her infantile caresses. I considered that I had basely deprived her of birth-right, and

formed the determination of restoring her to your arms, with the most solemn asseveration that she was your child ; I accordingly dispatched my attendant, Madeline, with proper directions : but, alas ! my rashness exposed them to the most dreadful dangers, the carriage in which they travelled was surrounded by a banditti, the servants murdered, Madeline reserved for the most horrible fate, and my infant left to perish. Though I had not acted as a wife, I felt as a mother ; and the unfeeling Windenbourn, disgusted by my sadness, and incessant lamentations, left me, to pursue an object more capable of inspiring pleasure, than a heart-broken, repentant wife. Destitute of fame, of fortune, and even of hope, I sunk into the most abject state of misery ; and, to secure the very means of existence, became the abandoned creature you found me. Chance introduced me to Fernando ; the remains of a beautiful person had still power to enchant him, and as he made me the welcome offer of entire seclusion from society, I accepted his proposals ; necessity, not inclination, directed my choice, and for several years he treated me kindly, but new pursuits changed his inclinations, and I was at length degraded into a menial. Thus was I situa-

ted, when your appearance at the Abbey roused all the dreadful tumults of my soul—how I adored you—how I abhorred myself—Oh, Reginald ! I am punished, no human pang can inflict a torture equal to conscious guilt.—Had you been weak enough to have pardoned and received me to your arms, I should have despised you—but your indignant frown was annihilation to me—from that moment I resolved to rid the earth of a wretch beneath its pity, though above its scorn. The measure of my crimes is complete—the poison creeps through my veins—my words are incoherent—Reginald, do not include an innocent child in your maledictions on its mother—the cold earth will soon cover this frail form—let the remembrance of Julia's sins be buried with her—one tear, Reginald, is all I ask—adieu, for ever.

“ JULIA.”

Whatever were the feelings of Reginald on perusal of this letter, had he even felt inclined to pardon the transgressor, his sensibility was awakened too late for the guilty Julia, who expired in Rosa's absence. All the love he had once felt for his wife, while the bloom of innocence and beauty mantled on her cheek, was now transferred to the lovely Rosa, her happiness was his only care ; and now that self-delusion was banished by the sacred feelings of paternal affection, he perceived, without regret, the bent of her inclinations. As soon as the

funeral obsequies were performed, the party repaired to Reginald's Neapolitan estate ; the Marquis Veronia received them with open arms, and gave a most willing assent to the proposals made by Reginald. Rosa was united to her adoring Alphonso ; and the dreadful recollection of her mother's crimes and sufferings remained too deeply impressed upon her mind, to suffer any temptation to lead her from the faithful performance of her conjugal duty. The sorrows of her remaining parent were softened by her tender assiduities, she was his pride and delight—beloved by her husband, respected by her friends, and looked up to by her children as an object of tenderest veneration. Such is the happy prerogative of the faithful wife—the virtuous mother.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Selected for the Lady's Miscellany.

THE INTELLIGENT TRAVELLER; OR, HUMAN NATURE DISPLAYED.

(Continued from P. 105.)

A MODEST blush of pleasure overspread the features of my fair companion, as I declared my resolution of hearing the close of her interesting tale. Yet she once

more intreated she might not detain me ; and, with a modest air, apologized for having trespassed upon my time.

I took her hand and involuntarily pressed it, as I reconducted her to her seat.—She had, as Sterne says, touched the chord of tenderness, and I found myself peculiarly interested in her tale. ‘Proceed, I intreat you ;’ said I, ‘for I merely lose a few shillings by resigning my place ; and by the pleasure I shall receive in hearing the close of your history, I shall think myself amply repaid.’

‘Though I fear you will be ill requited for the interest you take in my story,’ replied Eliza, ‘yet I am ready to comply with your desires ; but so confused is my mind, and so vague are my ideas, that I entirely forget where I left off.’

‘It was at a critical moment,’ said I, ‘for Edward had just informed you, that if you did not become his wife, he was resolved to gratify his brutal passion, without loss of time.’ ‘Critical moment, indeed!’ repeated Eliza, with a deep drawn sigh, ‘and one never to be forgotten until life and memory fails ! Once more, however, I resolved to try the power of persuasion ; and, again falling upon my knees, I implored him not to trifle with his own happiness, or to destroy my peace. As well might I have bade the tempest to cease its fury, or the waves of the agitated ocean not to rise ; for his coun-

tenance was suddenly overclouded with resentment, and in a tone of authority, he commanded the priest to retire. ‘Stay ! stay ! I implore and conjure you !’ I exclaimed, catching the imaginary clergyman by the coat ; ‘I will, indeed I will become the wife of Edward ; and may the Almighty enable me to return his love !’

‘As I said this, I dropped on my knees before him ; he raised me with tenderness, and pressed me to his heart. The servant who accompanied us was called in, who performed the office of a father, and I firmly believed our fates were entwined in one.

‘When I arose the next morning, I perceived the house, which we had lodged in, was a solitary dwelling upon a dreary moor, but well did it accord with the gloomy presages which overwhelmed my foreboding heart. With the woman, who officiated as mistress, I was disgusted ; there was a want of delicacy in her observations, which I could not bear ; but, upon remarking it to my husband, he laughed at my scrupulous *niceness*, and called me a *prudish* girl.

“Two days were spent in this dreary habitation without seeing a creature, except the woman who was my aversion, and the servant-maid. At Edward’s request I had written to Lady Charlotte, and the man was ordered to wait for her reply ; but instead of his returning with it, an express arrived from

the castle, on the second night, containing the melancholy intelligence of my beloved benefactress's sudden death.

To describe the sensations I experienced at hearing this appalling intelligence, would be impossible. I trembled with apprehension lest her solicitude on my account had occasioned her death; for never did mother love a child with greater affection than she had uniformly displayed. My husband likewise testified sorrow, and ordered *horses* to be instantly prepared. '*Horses!*' I exclaimed, 'for heaven's sake take me with you, and let me once more behold my beloved protectress and friend!' To accompany him, he assured me, would be *impossible*, as he must send fourteen miles to procure a chaise, and in that time the servants would have an opportunity of stripping the house of all the valuables it contained; but he faithfully promised to send a carriage, at an early hour on the following morning; and, in a hurried manner, took leave.

'Pure as was the life of the amiable Lady Charlotte, yet she could never even bear to reflect upon the moment when it was to be brought to a close, or be persuaded to make her will. Her nephew was well aware of this peculiarity, yet fancied her affection for *me* had conquered a repugnance which she had felt; but it was necessary to be convinced whether he was *right* or *wrong* in this con-

jecture, before he determined in what manner he should act. Alas! he discovered that I was poor and pennyless, for no *will* was to be found, and from this omission he became master of all her wealth.

'Instead of a carriage ready to convey me to the castle, I received this distressing letter by the groom.' So saying, she drew a paper from her pocket and put into my hand, and whilst I was perusing it, the fair mourner sat drowned in tears.

"TO MISS ELIZA R——.

"Prepare yourself, my dear Eliza, for a piece of intelligence which will wound your heart: although you were no stranger to the singularity of that amiable woman whose loss we deplore. *No will* is to be *found*, or even a memorandum to entitle *you* to the slightest support; of course, I am heir to all the property which her ladyship possessed. This, my sweet girl, might afflict you, were you not certain of *sharing* all I enjoy by this event; but whilst your Edward is master of a guinea, that guinea will be at his beloved's *command*.

'I have, it is true, Eliza, *deceived* you; but my love was too violent to submit to disdain; and I was compelled to adopt a stratagem which my own heart condemned. Pardon, then, most adored of women, the trifling artifice which has been used to induce you to gratify

a passion by which I was consumed. *Matrimony* to me has always appeared a ceremony instituted for the purpose of accomplishing the views of the interested, and gratifying the ambitious projects of artful priests; but when *honour binds*, and affection stimulates, the independent mind rejects such deceptive snares; and the heart selects an object on whom it can place its tenderness, without the priest having repeated an *unmeaning* form of words.

‘I have now, my dearest Eliza, given you *my* sentiments upon *marriage*; I will now make a declaration of love, and assure you that *mine* glows with greater ardour than it did at the moment I forced you from that habitation in which you had long been cherished with maternal care. To return to that abode, however, at the present period, would be injudicious, as my mother and sisters are here, who, as they imagine you voluntarily placed yourself under my protection, might not treat you with that *respect you deserve*. Mrs. Morris, however, has orders to pay you every attention. The moment the ceremony of the funeral is over, I shall fly to you upon the wings of love, for the purpose of arranging our future plans.

“Adieu, my beloved Eliza,

“Believe me your truly
devoted,

“EDWARD L——.”

(*To be continued.*)

Dreadful Accident

AT SADLER'S WELLS,
LONDON.

As the curtain was letting down on Thursday night at this theatre, previous to commencing the water scene in *The Ocean Fiend*, a quarrel commenced in the pit, and some people cried out “*a fight*.” The exclamation was mistaken for a cry of “*fire*.” It was a benefit night, and the house was crowded. The effect of such an alarm may be conceived, but cannot be adequately described; every part was terror and confusion; the people in the gallery, pit, and boxes, all pressed eagerly forward to the doors, but could not obtain egress in time to answer their impatience. The pressure was dreadful; those next to the avenues were thrown down and run over by those immediately behind, without distinction of age or sex. Of these quite in the rear, soon became desperate; they threw themselves from the gallery into the pit, and from the boxes upon the stage. A horrible discord of screams, oaths, and exclamations, reigned throughout. On the exterior of the theatre, the scene was not less dreadful; at every door and avenue might be seen people dragging out the audience, whose strength was exhausted, and who were unable to effect their escape, but had just strength to gain the passage, or been forced forward by the crowd behind. Not less than fifty women were fainting at the same time, on

the inside and outside of the house. The performers, who had not heard the exclamation that excited this alarm, came forward on the stage full of astonishment and surprise at the scene before them, and some of them catching the alarm, ran away in their dresses. In this frightful situation the Manager came forward with a speaking trumpet, and assured the audience that there was not the slightest danger, or cause for the alarm; that there was no fire; that he conceived the alarm was excited by a set of pickpockets, for the purpose of committing depredations; and that one of them was then in custody. At this time about two thirds of the audience had effected their escape from the pit and boxes, and about one half from the gallery. The remaining company in the pit and boxes recovered considerably from the alarm; but the assurance of the manager had not the least effect upon the people in the gallery. Finding the crowd not clearing away with a rapidity equal to their impatience, they conceived that their egress was obstructed, and cried out that the doors were fastened. The manager declared they were not, and continued to assure them that there was not the slightest cause for alarm. They were not, however, to be satisfied: they broke the sides of the gallery, and thus forced their way into the house, and down the private passages: sixteen hundred persons were in the house. Of these we lament

to say, eighteen lost their lives. They consisted chiefly of women and children, who leaped from the gallery into the pit, or were thrown down the gallery stairs. Among them were two beautiful girls, supposed to be sisters. The eighteen bodies are lying in the house. Many more, it is feared, have been killed, as in every direction might be met men carrying away women and children in their arms, with broken bones, or apparently lifeless. Two men, suspected of being the promoters of the alarm that led to this dreadful catastrophe, have been lodged in Clerkenwell Bridewell. A Mr. Dobson, of Coleman street, gave his address to Mr. Dibdin, one of the managers, and promised to appear against them for riotous behaviour during the whole evening. It was impossible for the managers, by any diligence, to have prevented this accident; every thing that men could do, they did to arrest its progress; they flew to every part of the house to inspire confidence, and convince the audience of their error, regardless of the havoc that was making of their property; for all the girandoles, musical instruments, &c. were broken to pieces, and the interior of the house entirely destroyed; they thought only of allaying the fears of the audience, and administering relief to the sufferers. Medical assistance was called in from all quarters: no fewer than thirty surgeons were present before twelve o'clock; and by their exertions, many persons were reliev-

ed, and some restored to life. A great number of constables were also called in to preserve order, by keeping off the accumulating crowd, and assisting the friends of the injured persons to find them out.

During the time of the general consternation, several people endeavoured, by different means, to get from the gallery into the pit—some got over the wood-work in front of the gallery, and let themselves drop down into the pit; one female lowered herself down from the gallery into the pit, by means of the chandeliers, and escaped unhurt; some others, made desperate by the fright, jumped straight down, without any hesitation. In the midst of the confusion, several persons were knocked down, and had their pockets picked!!!

On Saturday morning, an enquiry took place before — Hodgson, Esq. Coroner, respecting the unfortunate persons. They were laid out in three rooms within the Theatre. In the first room were six women; in the second, seven persons, including two boys, about 13 years of age; and in the third, one little girl. The bodies were decently laid out upon the temporary tables, and presented a shocking spectacle. Such as had been owned, had labels upon their breasts, with their names and residence.—The Jury viewed the stairs of the gallery of the Theatre, and the lobby at the top of them, in

which it is presumed most of the mischief was done, the sufferers by missing the stair-case, having become jammed up in it. After a laborious investigation, the jury unanimously declared, that they came by their deaths—"casually, accidentally, and by misfortune."

For the Lady's Miscellany.

'TIS past, and you've wounded the tenderest breast

That e'er breath'd affection's soft sigh;

'Tis past, all forgot, all the charms you possess,

All the charms of that sparkling eye.

Yes, I'll strive to forget the soft bloom on that cheek,

Which so oft would my fancy beguile;

I'll forget too those lips which such beauty bespeak,

And the magic that dwelt in thy smile.

I'll forget the soft accents that fell from that tongue,

The soft accents I us'd to adore,

All those charms that engaged my affections so long,

I will strive to remember no more.

But maiden, forbear to exult in my woe,

Forbear least the misery be thine,

A passion as tender as ardent to know,

And thy love be neglected like mine.

JANE C**K**G.

Wash. City, Dec. 1807.

DEATH.

Neither children nor madmen fear death. How humiliating not to be able to furnish what insanity can procure.

For the Lady's Miscellany.

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IN the last miscellany, I promised to shew the pre-eminent superiority which the town possesses over the country. The rural gentry doze away a great part of their lives, particularly the winters of the year in an almost unconscious vacuity. Comparatively speaking, they are scattered over immense tracts of land. The general inclemency of this season must render their visits unsociably distant, and the tempestuous elements must often render intercourse extremely difficult. I hardly dare to compare them to those animals who, upon the departing year, mire themselves under the ground, and lodge in as small a space as possible, till the blooming spring releases them from their frigid and benighted cell, to the genial radiance of day; but it is certain their enjoyments must be found chiefly within the walls of their own houses, either from the volumes of their libraries, or from domestic conversation. How one of our fashionable town-ladies would fare in such an abode, is not easily imagined, an abode which to the excruciations of incessant vulgarity, adds all the terrors and solitude of a prison.

I shall spare myself the trouble of specifying innumerable conveniences which are not immediately or not at all procurable among the mountains, and confining myself to more dignified felicity, I

remark that personal resources of happiness will by no means preclude the necessity of social pleasure. We may receive rational and exquisite amusement from the studies of natural and moral philosophy, and animated with ambition of literary fame, we may toil to acquire the rich lore of science, yet this amusement and ambition would soon cease where there was none to admire or applaud, none to encourage our labours, or rejoice in our success. The families in which we live cannot yield us inexhaustible entertainment: the stories which they may have been for years treasuring up, can be related in a few evenings, and with their modes of thought we must be so perfectly familiar, as not often to be surprised by novelty. With no other resources a comprehensive intellect would languish with little enjoyment of mind, and little excitement to activity. The great defect of the country is want of variety. Focks and rivulets, lilies and myrtles, embowering groves, and enamelled plains, fascinate the imaginations of those who have always lived in the midst of noise and tumult, anxiety and distraction, and are regarded as regions of enchantment where amorous fondness glows with purer flames, and where the raptures of love yield sublimer exstasy. Those who have lived in the midst of thousands, and have witnessed the intrigues of artifice, and the grossness of depravity, must be delighted with the artless innocence of the

swain, and when they observe with what purity of affection he adores his mistress, some of the ladies imagine they could be content to bid adieu to the "busy haunts of men," and take up their abode amidst the placid serenity and heaven-born virtue of the rustic plains.

Such delusions of fancy do many indulge and raise up before them an unreal edifice of felicity; but a little acquaintance with actual life soon dissipates these golden dreams, and lays their visionary fabrics in the dust. They soon discover that hopes and fears, joys and sorrows, agitate the bosom of the humble cottager, as well as that of the princely merchant; that the passions are only employed on different objects, without being less painful; and that distress, sorrow, and misery, are the portion of the sublunary pilgrim in every situation of life.

To those who have made a trial of residing in the country, how short have been their raptures! all that the country has to exhibit, can be seen in a house, and after that they have become lifeless and indifferent, filled with gloom, and depressed with melancholy. The grand rule for the preservation of human happiness is, never to be without employment. Employment of some kind is so indispensable, that those to whom independent fortunes hath left all their time to their own disposal, often voluntarily undertake the most arduous exercises. In the country, the

minds of the generality of persons are apt to stagnate, for want of occupation, and to languish in a state of unideal vacancy. That rich provision of entertainment in town, by which the mind is kept forever busy and active, I must claim the indulgence of another paper to display, which shall conclude the spiritless lucubrations of

ANTHONY THISTLE.

New-York, Dec. 14, 1807.

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CURIOUS ANECDOTE OF
MARY OF SAVOY, WIFE OF
ALPHONSO,
King of Portugal.

WHILE that consummate General, Marshal Schomberg, was in Portugal, in the years 1667, 1668, the King Alphonso was married to Mary of Savoy, a princess of French extraction by the mother's side. But the King was either unwise or savage, or both; and without believing more than half of what historians have reported of him, there yet remains enough to prove, that he was defective both in mind and body. His mother had perceived his imbecility, and had destined the crown to his younger brother, Don Pedro. Alphonso remembering this, treated his brother harshly: he also treated his queen rudely, and hereby produced a sympathy between the sufferers, which was not calculated to rest in mere commiseration. The confessor of the Queen was a Jesuit; the confessor of Don Pedro was a

Jesuit also. The sway of these holy fathers was equally prevalent in politics and in religion, over the consciences of their charge ; while their regard to the promotion of the power of their order was insuperable, incessant, and indefatigable. These confessors, well acquainted with the secrets of their penitents, plotted to give the state a new King, and the Queen a new husband, by raising Don Pedro to the throne. This, at length, they effected. They deceived and terrified the King's minister, the Comte of Castelmelhor, into flight ; they spread reports which alienated the minds of the people from their sovereign, who was, at length, arrested, dethroned, divorced, and his place supplied by his brother.

During the discussions necessary to bring about this revolution, the Queen was advised to consult the Duke of Schomberg, as to measures to be taken. The Jesuit confessor informed the general of the situation of things at court ; but the protestant soldier did not at once enter into the intentions of the Catholic churchman ; neither eloquence nor subtilities convinced him : however, a correspondence was established between the Duke and the Queen, which, of course, was conducted with the utmost privacy. One evening, very late, the Queen received a long letter, wherein the Duke had given his advice, with full detail of particulars, on the subject entrusted to him. As the night was advanced,

the Queen retired to bed, sent away her women, under pretence of certain devotions which had been enjoined her, got into bed, read the letter, and went to sleep. In the morning, before she was risen, she received notice that the King was already waiting for her in the chapel. As it was the custom to hear mass together, kneeling at the same desk, she dressed herself in all haste, yet could not arrive before the elevation of the host ; she was, consequently, obliged to hear a second mass, while the King, who had performed his duty, quitted the chapel.

Scarcely had the King left the place, when the Queen recollected the letter from the Duke of Schomberg, which she had left in her bed. Terrified at the thought, she imparted her situation and heedlessness to her confessor, who was kneeling beside her. He instantly took on himself the office of securing this dangerous communication, and ran in all speed to the Queen's apartment. But, what was his confusion, when informed that the King was there !

As the confessor was not privileged to enter the Queen's apartment in her absence, he stopped a moment at the door to listen, and overheard the King walking about the room very hastily, and speaking with great warmth to the Countess of Castelmelhor, the first lady of the bed-chamber to the Queen.

The confessor returned with this terrific account ; on which, the Queen, in great consternation, committed the business to one of her ladies in whom she confided. But, when this lady entered the chamber, she beheld the King lying along on the Queen's bed.

There remained now no resource but in the Queen herself, who must run every risk.—But the mass was not ended ; and, to have withdrawn before its close, would have occasioned infinite scandal. The confessor, in this extremity, advised her to feign sickness : she suddenly swooned away, and was carried to her chamber.

The King, alarmed and affected at this sight, ordered the Queen's bed to be made instantly. This was the only incident wanting to change the Queen's feigned swoon into a paroxysm of despair ; she, therefore, seemed to revive a little, and, in the feeblest accents, intreated to be placed on the bed just as it was. When there, she felt all around her, and, at length, found the fatal letter which had caused her so much misery. It had not been detected, because it had remained covered with her night clothes ! She, therefore, recovered by little and little, from her well-acted fainting, and her real horrors.

Such are the risks attendant on confidential communications and intrigues at Courts !

For the Lady's Miscellany.

THE SELECTOR.

No. 8.

MISCELLANIES.

THE COMPASSIONATE JEW.

NOTHING is, perhaps, more ridiculous, if not more culpable, than to mock our fellow creatures, because their religious opinions, or their manners, differ from our own. To obtain respect ourselves, we must pay deference to others, of whatever nation or persuasion ; for numerous facts have demonstrated, that virtue and every good good quality which adds dignity to the human form, are to be found in the most distant regions of this terraqueous globe.

A party of gay young men, returning to London in one of the Gravesend boats, regaled themselves with bread and ham, during their passage. Next to these frolicksome youths sat a Jew, and a poor soldier ; the latter of whom, having a good appetite, and no provision to satisfy the cravings of nature, often cast a wishful eye to the delicious slices which were circulating within the reach of his olfactory organs. He sighed too ; but sighed, alas ! in vain. The Jew, however, did not escape the Gentlemen's attention, and being tinctured with the vulgar prejudice of which we have before spoken, one among them cried, sneeringly, ' Smouch, will you have some

ham?" "If you please, Gentlemen," answered he. "How! you do not dare, surely, to swallow pork?" "A piece of ham, nevertheless," answered the Jew, "would be very acceptable." Astonished at his ready acquiescence, they cut him a slice; and he received it on a biscuit, which he drew from his pocket, in order to avoid touching the meat, agreeably to his law. This increased the party's surprise. "What!" said one of them, "would you keep the ham at so respectable a distance from your fingers? How then, will you dare to eat it?" The Jew, without answering his question, gave the young gentlemen his thanks for their kindness, and then turned to the soldier, saying, "see there, my friend, that is for you—now it is in your power to say that a Jew feasted you on ham." After this, directing his eyes to the youthful wits, he thus addressed them: "Gentlemen, have you not learned compassion from Jesus and his apostles?—Thank God, I have been better instructed by Moses and the prophets."

INFIDEL WIT REPELLED.

A gay young spark of a dissolute turn, travelling in a stagecoach to London, forced his sentiments upon the company by attempting to ridicule the scriptures; and among other topics, made himself merry with the story of David and Goliath, strongly urging the impossibility of a youth like David, being able to throw a stone with sufficient force to sink into the gi-

ant's forehead. On this he appealed to the company, and in particular to a grave gentleman of the denomination called quakers, who sat silent in one corner of the carriage. "Indeed friend," replied he, "I do not think it at all improbable, if the Philistine's head was as soft as thine."

RUSTIC SHREWDNESS.

PREVIOUS to the secession of those people now known under the appellation of Seceders from the Kirk of Scotland, because its tenets and discipline did not appear to them sufficiently rigid, Ebenezer Erskine, a clergyman, who afterwards took a very active part in promoting that secession, held a living in the county of Fife. On the one hand was a parish called Auchtertool, where the emoluments were very small, and on the other, a parish where they were uncommonly large. A vacancy having happened in the more valuable living, Ebenezer applied for it with success. Having always professed an extraordinary degree of sanctity, and a contempt for the good things of this world, he was taxed with inconsistency by a poor woman of his parish, known by the familiar appellation of Tibby. But he excused himself by saying, that the Lord had given him a *call* to go to the more profitable parish. "That may be, sir," replied Tibby, "but gin the Lord had gi'en ye a *call* to gang to Auchtertool, ye wad ne'er let on ye heard him!"

For the Lady's Miscellany.

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ON MELANCHOLY.

THE ardent fancy of the poet, has oft depicted in the most glowing terms, the soft and pensive pleasures which flow from melancholy; be mine the humbler task of tracing its origin, and marking the effects which it produces on the human character.—Man, in the full tide of prosperity, or in the high career of fortune, seldom or ever willingly suffers his gay and sportive moments to be interrupted by the 'plaints of the wretched, or the cries of the oppressed: he sympathizes not with the unfortunate, for he feels not their miseries; surrounded by affluence and honors, his life glides smoothly on, and his heart is susceptible of no impressions, except those of mirth and hilarity. But on a sudden, this child of fortune is deprived of a dear and valued friend, the partner of his affections sinks into an untimely grave, and all his fortunes are swallowed up by the merciless ocean. Now all his golden dreams dissolve, his blissful moments are at an end, and melancholy usurps a despotic dominion over his mind. Unused to the storms of adversity, and unable to bear up against such numerous and complicated misfortunes, he seeks to terminate them by rashly precipitating himself into the arms of an offended maker, with all his imperfections on his head.

The treachery and ingratitude of friends, are also sources from whence this passion not unfrequently flows, and here, instead of softening and refining the disposition, as in almost every other instance, it uniformly tends to render it gloomy and unsocial.

Disappointed ambition is another powerful cause of melancholy. Observe the youthful hero, just entering on the theatre of life, ardent in the pursuit of glory, and seeking by his virtues and talents, distinction and honours. Behold him when he has nearly attained the summit of his ambition; driven from his proud eminence by the intrigues of an enemy, the jealousy of a rival, or the treachery of a friend. He now no longer seeks for happiness amid the cares and turmoils of a public life; but eagerly retires to enjoy domestic peace in the bosom of a neglected family.—To a mind thus virtuous and susceptible, however, the ingratitude of the world can never inflict a pang which the lenient hand of time has not power to efface; and although its unkindness may wound his pride, or injure his sensibility, yet it will not lessen his charity, or dry up the sources of his benevolence.

Man is never more adapted to the reception of mournful impressions, than when his affections are entwined about the heart of some interesting and beautiful female. Here suspense, hope, and fear, alternately contribute to his gloom.

In such a state of mind the most trivial accidents tend to agitate and distress his spirits ; should an inconsiderable lapse of time separate him from the object of his affections, he sinks into a continued state of mournful reverie ; but should she whom he has singled out for the partner of his happiness, on whom he has placed all his hopes of future bliss, reject his advances and turn a deaf ear to his complaints, he suddenly becomes disgusted with the world, its pleasures and amusements ; the roses which formerly bloomed on his manly cheeks, are forever fled ; the animated flash of his eye which was wont to enliven the social circle, is now exchanged for looks of languor and depression ; he retires with precipitancy from those scenes of gaiety in which he once received no inconsiderable share of pleasure ; his soul sinks within him, and his proud heart, which was formerly open to every call of honour and ambition, now willingly resigns itself to the most abject gloom. Objects which in the slightest degree tend to excite in his mind ideas of cheerfulness and mirth, are industriously shunned. The awful solemnity of midnight, the tremendous roar of thunder, or the terrible howlings of the tempests, are alone in unison with his feelings. The deserted valley, and the craggy mountain he delights to make the alternate seats of his musings.

Oft will he sit at twilight hour of eve,
Beneath yon ruin'd abbey's moss-grown
piles,

Where thro' some western window, the
pale moon

Pours her long levell'd rule of streaming
light,

While sullen sacred silence reigns around
Save the lone screech owl's note, who
builds his bower

Amid the mould'ring caverns dark and
damp.

Or the calm breeze that rustles in the
leaves

Of flaunting ivy that with mantle green
Invests some wasted tower.

WHARTON.

That man, whose soul has ever been enshrouded in the dark and impenetrable clouds of vice, when overtaken by unforeseen calamity, seeks to dissipate his cares and drown his sorrows by plunging into scenes of riot, dissipation, and debauchery ; but when he who possesses a virtuous heart, and cultivated understanding is attacked by the adverse storms of fate, he feels the force of his misfortunes, and seeks to mitigate their violence, not however by hurrying into the noisy gaieties, and tumultuous pleasures of life, but by retiring

To solemn glooms, to cheerless shades,
To ruin'd seats and twilight cells and
bowers,

Where thoughtful Melancholy loves to
muse.

Here he continues secluded from the world, its vices and vanities, till the turbulence of his grief be somewhat subsided, when he again consents to return to society, with his affections softened, his comprehension enlarged, and his

mind prepared not only to receive pleasure in this world, but to enjoy happiness even beyond the grave.

DE COURCY.

New-York, Dec. 16, 1807.

To Readers and Correspondents.

Our esteemed correspondent TIMOTHY RAMBLER, who we recognize under several signatures, will please to accept our thanks for his valuable favours.

We feel ourselves much obliged to DE COURCY, his essays reflect the highest credit on their author.

HARRY SCARLET need not doubt of a favourable reception from the ladies... we hope he will permit us often to introduce him to their company.

We are much obliged to ANTHONY THISTLE for his judicious essays, and invite him to continue his favours.

We have to complain of Lelia, Aspasia, Malvina, Jane C. Ulla, Aurelia, Edwin, and Leta—they do not write half often enough.

From EDWARD we expect a compliance with his promise, and assure him our anticipation is not lessened by his delay.

The lady who sent us several valuable selections, will please to accept our thanks;—and if convenient, further oblige us.

The postage of letters is too great a drawback on the small emoluments of his paper; those who are desirous of receiving it, will oblige us by attending to this particular.

The person who sent us the communication signed "Vurdinha," is informed that we receive a regular supply of

English publications, of course are not much obliged to him for extracts for which we are sometimes charged double postage.

MARRIED,

On Tuesday evening, by the right rev. Bishop Moore, Mr. Robert S. Newby, merchant, to Miss Cobden, lately from England.

On Sunday evening, by the rev. Dr. M^r Knight, the Hon. Ambrose Spencer, one of the Justices of the Supreme Court, to Mrs. Mary Norton, eldest daughter of Major-General James Clinton.

On Saturday evening, by the rev. Dr. Miller, captain John Brown, of Stonington port, Conn. to Mrs. Nancy Hubbell, of this city, daughter of the late Hon. Richard Law, esq. of New-London.

At Brooklyn, Mr. Juan F. Lewis, merchant, of this city, to Miss Susan M. Tucker, of Brooklyn.

At Searingtown, L. I. on the 8th inst. by the rev. Dr. Buck, Mr. Samuel Thorne, of this city, to Miss Sarah Seaing.

TERMS OF THIS MISCELLANY.

To city subscribers two dollars per annum....payable *one in advance*.

Those who reside out of the city to pay one year's advance at the time of subscribing.

POETRY.

THE WELCOME.

THERE is a house (no matter where),
Enough for me, I can declare,
I meet whenever I am there
Full welcome.

Not without limits the domain,
But ah ! what limits can restrain
Hearts which for human kind maintain
Such welcome.

Art has not wav'd her magic wand,
Nor Ostentation lent her hand,
Fastidious, to adorn this land
Of welcome.

The hospitable table stor'd
With all that Plenty can afford—
Good humour presses to the board
With welcome.

The fare so good the friends so kind,
Domestic rules so to my mind—
Elsewhere I dare not hope to find
Such welcome.

The veteran boasting many a scar
Imprinted by the fate of war,
And homeward looking from afar
For welcome.

Then halting, eager to disclose
His dangers past, and present woes,
Learns ere the checquer'd tale he close
His welcome.

The sailor, whom sad wounds deform,
Finds written on his shatter'd form,
(The wreck of many a battle's storm)
A welcome.

Each wand'ring houseless child of woe,
Whom fortune's sports may hither throw
Is taught his sorrows to forego
In welcome.

No frown will check the opening smile,

Nor rigour ask the hireling's toil,
But Charity the tear beguil
With welcome.

Nor Woe alone may revel there,
For higher Pleasure may repair,
And laughing jolity may share
The welcome.

Where life's best blessings so abound,
And mirth and humour fly around
Oh ! there is magic in the sound
Of welcome !

And such life's changeful destiny,
He, who to day exalted high,
His humbler brother would deny
A welcome,

To-morrow's chances would bewail,
To-morrow, urging Misery's tale,
May to the cottage gladly hail
A welcome.

But he who of the scantiest store,
Reserves a morsel for the poor,
And giving wishes it were more,
With welcome,

Blessing and blessed long shall live—
To larger treasures, shall receive
Than power or affluence can give
Full welcome.

CANZONET.

TAKE Laura, take this chain of gold,
And with it grace thy peerless neck ;
These pearls on silken threads enroll'd,
Thy flowing tresses let them deck.

Fond youth the lovely maid replied,
To me these toys no bliss impart ;
To make thee happy is my pride,
The pearl I value—is thy heart.

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